

DIE—NONE RESIG

IS NOT TRUE UNITED STATES SENAT

and a in Vol-arity of a Process- More Than a Strong- ing Death Roll.

al Correspondence.]

May 5.—There is an old

solders that few die and

When asked a few weeks

ended to retire from the sen-

sents adroitly threw his ques-

one to resign a public office

a better one in view?" Yet,

the senator to the contrary

ing, we have within a month

of resignation from the sen-

Edmonds, stepping down on

Health, and Mr. Reagan, be-

to make sure of a good in-

declining years. There was

thetic about the resignation

After fifty-two years of pub-

in his state, in the Federal

the Confederate congress

and again in the Federal

he felt it necessary to

his old age and poverty,

his fortunes of politics might

him stranded at last. Who

med it he had served his God

well as he had served his coun-

thinking one day about the old

few die and none resign, I con-

complaint maxima with facts. So

the records and was surprised

there have been more than 235

from the United States sen-

nearly 100 deaths of senators in

deciding that only 835 men all

eat in the senate, these figures

being somewhat remarkable

of the old adage. It appears

early days of the republic a seat

was not considered so high

nor so great a prize as it is

times; and it is safe to assume

first half century of the gov-

ernatorial seats were not bought

as they have been in some

later times. At any rate, re-

have been much fewer of late.

when a man steps voluntarily

senate it is generally, as Mr. Ed-

with a certainty or expecta-

something better, such as a

supreme court bench or a place

met. Even in recent times, how-

have been a few instances of

from other motives. Conkling

resigned for pride's sake; a few

General Gordon, now senator

Georgia, resigned to go into

king; Jonathan Chase, of Rhode

signed two years ago because he

afford to live in Washington on

a salary; Simon Cameron re-

make room for his son Don, and

ands and Reagan, who have been

as men for a full quarter of

a throw off the senatorial toga.

The recent senatorial resignations

of men called into presidential

days there must have been

sania for resigning or some politi-

which required men elected

tain conditions to step out of

tion of their terms and give some

chance. Except on some such

it is impossible to explain the

of voluntary retirements dur-

half century of the senate.

nearly a state that did not have

been a dozen such instances.

A month after his resignation

of the first senators, re-

Other resignations were

1837, and A. P. Bagby,

had three resignations—

R. Borland, his successor, in

1855, to go into Presi-

dential cabinet.

has had but one resignation,

for Casserly, in 1873. Col-

but one, that of Senator

1882, to go into President

cabinet.

Resignations of Carrollton, 1793; Potts, 1793; Henry, 1797; James Lloyd, 1800; 1793; 1806; Harper, 1810; Edward Lloyd, 1810; Chambers, 1834; Reverdy Johnson, 1840 and 1868.

Massachusetts had many resignations of senators: Cabot and Strong both resigned in 1796; their successors, Goddard and Strong, resigned in 1800; Foster, 1803; John Quincy Adams, 1808; Lloyd, 1813; Gore, 1816; Ashmun, 1818; Otis, 1822; Silsbee and Davis, 1846; Daniel Webster, 1841; Rufus Choate, 1850; Edward Everett, 1854; Henry Wilson, 1873.

Michigan has had but two resignations—Lewis Cass, in 1848, and Christianity, in 1870; Minnesota but one, that of Winchell, for the purpose of going into Garfield's cabinet. Mississippi has had 11 resignations, including those of Jefferson Davis, Walker and Foote; Missouri, 1; New Hampshire, 8, including Franklin Pierce; New Jersey, 12; New York, 15, including Van Buren, Rufus King, Dewitt Clinton, W. L. Marcy, Silas Wright, Roscoe Conkling and T. C. Platt; North Carolina, 11, including Nathaniel Macon and Willie Mangum.

Ohio has had 3 resignations, including John Smith, Return J. Meigs, Thomas Corwin, Salmon P. Chase and John Sherman. In Pennsylvania the resignations number 7, including James Buchanan and Simon Cameron, the latter resigning twice. Rhode Island had 8 resignations; South Carolina, 13, among them, Pierce Butler (twice); John C. Calhoun and William C. Preston; Tennessee, 9, including Andrew Jackson; Vermont, 7, and Virginia 13, including Monroe and Tyler.

The death roll of the United States senate is also a long one. Senators dying in office were:

Alabama—Lewis, Chambers, Houston. Arkansas—Fulton, Ashley. California—Broderick, Miller, Hearst. Connecticut—Boardman, Smith, Belts, Huntington, Buckingham, Sherman, Tracy, Ferry. Delaware—White, Riddle, Joshua Clayton, Van Dyke, Jol. M. Clayton. Georgia—Baird, Ware, Jackson. Illinois—McLean, McRoberts, Douglas, Kane, Logan. Indiana—Noble, Whitcomb, Morton. Kansas—Lane. Kentucky—Davis, Beck. Louisiana—Jalborne, Barrow, Johnston. Maine—Fairfield, Fessenden. Maryland—Hanson, Kent, Goldsborough, Spence, Pearce, Hicks, Wilson. Massachusetts—Bates, Sumner. Michigan—Hinton, Chandler. Minnesota—Norton. Mississippi—Speight, Reed, Adams. Missouri—Buckner, Linn, Boggs. New Hampshire—Gilman, Atherton, Pike, Norris, Bell. New Jersey—Melville, Southard, Thompson, Wright. New York—Mellville, Southard, Thompson, Wright. Ohio—Trimble. Oregon—Baker. Rhode Island—Potter, Melbone, Dixon, Burnside, Burrill, Anthony. South Carolina—John C. Calhoun, Evas John Ewing Colborn, Gallard, A. P. Butler. Tennessee—Felix Grundy, Andrew Johnson. Texas—Rusk, Henderson. Vermont—Foot, Upham, Callamer. Virginia—Pennybacker, Bowden, Taylor, West Virginia—Caperton. Wisconsin—Carpenter.

It is a somewhat remarkable coincidence that Rhode Island, the smallest state in the Union, should have had six senators die in harness, and Connecticut, another little state, eight, while neither New York nor Pennsylvania, the greatest states, has had one. In this death roll the observing reader will already have noted the names of Stephen A. Douglas, "The Little Giant," O. P. Morton, of Indiana; Zach Chandler, of Michigan; Fessenden, of Maine; Charles Sumner; Baker, of Oregon, who fell in battle; John C. Calhoun, Matthew Carpenter and Andrew Johnson. Perhaps the most pathetic name in the list is that of John A. Logan. Men of all parties and factions agree that had Logan lived he would have been a great addition to his life by ascending to the presidential chair.

I think I have at least succeeded in showing conclusively that more than a few of the holders die and that very many resign. ROBERT GRAVES.

John P. Lyons.

BOSTON, May 5.—Last autumn, the funny man who had made the Boston Courier so famous having gone to the Cape Cod item, it devolved upon John P. Lyons to keep up the standard of the Boston Courier, and he seems to have been amply equal to the task, as the Boston Courier is today as much quoted as it ever was.

Mr. Lyons was born something like thirty years ago in the eastern end of the Mediterranean sea. Not only, however, were his parents American citizens, but his ancestry is American back to remote generations, his many times great-grandfather having settled in Roxbury, a Boston suburb, back in the sixteenth hundreds. These ancestors largely devoted themselves to the three M's—the ministry, medicine and music—to which their descendant lamented that there was not added a fourth compound M, money-making. Mr. Lyons' father was the late Rev. Dr. J. L. Lyons, of Florida.

His early boyhood was passed in Montrose, Pa., a wholesome little town on the Alleghany hills. His departure from this place in his early teens, he says, was distinctly felt by the community, especially the near neighbors, as he had been very fond of playing on a large snare drum before breakfast.

The next three years were passed in Jacksonville, Fla., where he made his first appearance as an editor. The paper was a high school publication. Young Lyons was to be its editor, and a classmate, who had served a term as printer's devil, was to set the type and give the proof sheet to the world. It never, however, reached the second issue, typesetting as a continuous employment not being the delicious joy that had been anticipated.

On leaving Harvard college in 1882 he began contributing short sketches and verses to various newspapers, and particularly to the New York humorous publications; but three years of tutoring and a year and a half in the government service in the New York naval office materially interrupted this work. This interruption was the more complete as during this time spare hours were devoted to the study of law, which it was his expectation in due time to practice. Like many others, however, he finally abandoned this pastime to those who could find more in it to enjoy.

In the summer of 1888 he went to Boston and assumed the duties of editorial writer and dramatic and literary critic on the Boston Commonwealth. After a year and a half in this position he gave up a part of the work to do editorial and special writing for the Boston Times. On this paper he resuscitated a department called "Humors of the Times," consisting of short paragraphs and verse, which soon began to be quoted. This department he sustained until last fall, when he took up his "Pencilings" column. TOM JASON.

A FAMOUS PLAINSMAN.

The First Man to Cross the Plains with the Pony Express.

ABLENE, Kan., May 4.—Living quietly on his farm near Lexington, Mo., stout, sturdy and hale and hearty, Mr. S. T. Rannabarger enjoys without ostentation the honor of having been the first man to cross the plains from Fort Leavenworth, Kan., to Salt Lake City as a government mail carrier and express agent. In 1857 he was employed as driver, hauling supplies from Leavenworth to Santa Fe, N. M. His employers one day sent him out in charge of a train bound for California. Arrived at



S. T. RANNABARGER.

the Rocky mountains, he found that the Mormons had destroyed nine trains, confiscated part of the goods and burned the remainder. Rannabarger suffered also from the persecutions, and was compelled to give up his attempt. General Albert Sidney Johnston, then in command of the mountain division, sent him through on horseback with dispatches for Brigham Young. Arriving at Salt Lake he was held a prisoner, and was only released when Johnston retaliated on the Mormons.

Johnston then wished to send dispatches to Washington, and upon Rannabarger's return deputed him to carry them to Leavenworth. This he did, making the perilous trip from Fort Bridger, 113 miles east of Salt Lake, over mountain and plain, entirely alone. His report of the trip to his principals caused them to conceive the idea of a pony express, and when they offered Rannabarger the position of messenger, to make regular trips between Fort Leavenworth and Salt Lake City, he accepted the proposition.

The contractors who had undertaken to deliver the United States mail added this to Rannabarger's duties, paying him \$65.50 a month in addition to the five dollars a day received from the government, and defraying all expenses. He rode a mule the first trip. He had a large saddle, which became a pillow by night. He carried two blankets, a pair of pistols, a bowie knife and a small leather pouch in which were the mail and express packages. When he had gone as far in a day as he and his mule could stand he would turn the animal out to graze, wrap himself in his blanket, pillow his head on his saddle and go to sleep. Sometimes it was too cold to sleep on the ground, in which case he rode all night and caught a nap in the sunlight of the following morning.

After the first trip arrangements were made for the exchange of mules at Platte City and Fort Laramie, and he was given the privilege, in case his animal gave out, of buying another at government expense. He did not ride often, but spent a great deal of time in an Indian village, always keeping on friendly terms with the redskins. He made the first trip in twenty-two days, and on the return trip met the second man sent out by his employers. He rode regularly until July, 1858, seeing the successful establishment of the great pony express system from his small beginning of a year previous.

After some further years of wandering on the frontier he finally settled down on a handsome section of Missouri land where, surrounded by his family, he still resides. CHARLES MOREAU HANGER.

A Jest That Became Earnest.

The old saying that "a king's jester is like a dog in a lion's cage" was amply verified in the case of Peter the Great's famous court buffoon, Balakireff, who more than once took such liberties with his formidable master as would have cost any other man dear. On one occasion a cousin of the jester had incurred the czar's displeasure and had been sentenced to a severe punishment, no one daring to show any interest in him save Balakireff himself, who at once made his appearance before the offended czar to beg mercy for the culprit.

The moment Peter saw the well known figure coming up the hall he guessed his errand, and called out fiercely, "It's no use, Balakireff; you need not waste your breath for I vow, on my word of honor, that I will not grant what you are going to ask!"

Quick as thought the ready witted jester threw himself at the emperor's feet and said in an imploring tone, "I beseech you, Piotr Alexeevitch (Peter, son of Alexis), do not pardon that rascal of a cousin of mine!"

Angry as he was the czar laughed in spite of himself at this unlooked for turning of the tables, and remitted the culprit's sentence accordingly. But fifty long after this it came to Balakireff's own turn to fall into disgrace, and Peter, in one of his characteristic bursts of rage, fiercely bade the poor old jester "never to show his face on Russian soil again."

But Balakireff's exile was not a long one, for barely a week later the czar, who was then in his newly built capital of St. Petersburg, saw from his palace window the banished man jogging coolly past in a cart filled with turf.

"Hollo, you rascal," cried Peter, "did I not tell you never to show your face on Russian soil again?"

"Nor have I," replied the wag, with an impish grin; "this turf in my cart is Swedish soil, every bit of it, dug up on the other side of the Finland border."

Peter smiled grimly at the trick, but in another moment the black frown which few men could face unmoved darkened his massive features.

"It may be Swedish soil now," said he sternly, "but it shall be Russian ere long!" And only a few months later a fresh stride in Peter's career of conquest made good the pledge. DAVID KER.

He's Little but Powerful.

At the age of eight years the crown prince of Germany shows all the characteristics of a military disciplinarian. One day recently when entering the palace at Berlin the guard was turned out in his honor, and he noticed that one of the soldiers had omitted to bring his rifle. The prince promptly caused the delinquent to be punished for his breach of discipline.

UNDER

The loss of wit

Just as you

How do you

There's love

old man

Oh, love is

When

But love is

"Is rhyming

Love only

Of sorrow

Ay, ay!"

His white

When ye

Ye'll cry,

Whether

If Love

eth a!"

But you

Your child

Nae under

Nae under

Good neigh

An' what

Where Love

eth a!"

Your faith

The neigh

A spirit of

On his face,

A friend,

Love's

afraid!"

Jean Kate

in New York

Lodge.

Why Don't

Why don't

That is

The prob-

blem which

is agitating

large num-

bers of young

women.

I don't

know,"

replied one

pretty girl

to whom I

proposed the

conundrum.

"Only they

don't. Here

I am in

my second

year in society

and I haven't

had a single

offer."

I wish

to say that

the young lady

whose remarks

I am quoting

is not only

pretty, but

she is also

of good family,

of first class

position, is

highly edu-

cated and

accomplished,

is positively

known to

have brains

and an amia-

ble disposi-

tion, and will

possess a con-

siderable for-

tune. In short

she is a great

catch.

"Not a single

offer of marriage,"

she continued.

"Not even a

single avowal

of love. I

don't know

what to make

of it, for I

don't think

I am wholly

unattractive.

HARTSTANE.

OUR SORROW

I pineseth praise-

possession.

days!

the neighbor prayed.

h the h'arthstane!" the

grant you,

though with gold;

"he shock his head—

it will not hold!

ever lift your load

for on life's late road."

Ay, ay!" the

old man answered.

His white head

sturdily raised:

"When ye have

lived a my lifetime

Ye'll cry, "The

Lord be praised!"

Whether o' gold

or ill shall fa-

h the h'arthstane

survive."

But you

and your wife,"

urged the neigh-

bor—

"Your child

under the sod!"

Nae under the

sod," the old man

cried.

Good neigh-

bor—game to God!

An' what has

ye to do wi' pain

Where Love

still glories the

auld h'arth-

stane?"

Your faith

is no my know-

ing."

The neigh-

bor murmured

low.

A spirit of

awe and wonder

on his face,

he rose to go.

A friend,

the old man

answered made,

Love's

death</